

A Third Option

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Summary: If the universe demands a sacrifice, there is another potential victim. (Spoilers for the ending to Life is Strange.)

A Third Option

Between the heavy rain and my own tears, it was almost impossible to focus on the photo. And it probably didn't help that unlike the previous times when I've used this ability, I didn't want to make the change. This was even harder than undoing saving William, not to mention giving up my Everyday Heroes victory, or any of the jumps where I didn't have a choice. This time, I didn't want to enter the photo, but letting the whole town be destroyed was simply not an option. So, somehow, I eventually managed to focus my power on the picture and found myself in that cursed bathroom.

But even after jumping into the picture, I still couldn't accept that I had to let Chloe be murdered. Despite everything I've been through, even in the Dark Room, even the second time in the Dark Room, somewhere deep inside I still believed that things would come out ok in the end, that, with or without my powers, there would always be hope. And even now, with the final decision made, and the final step taken, I could not accept that the right answer was "stand by and let her die".

Maybe the universe really was trying to teach me a lesson, but I just couldn't believe that the lesson was that "the world would be better off without Chloe". It was much more believable that the nightmare me was right and the lesson was that I should be less selfish. If somebody had to die because of my powers, it made much more sense for that somebody to be me. So when I heard the familiar confrontation playing out, I knew what I had to do.

When I heard Nathan and Chloe arguing about the gun, I yelled "No!" and rushed out of my hiding spot straight towards Nathan. His reaction was as expected. There was a gunshot. And then terrible pain

in my stomach.

I heard Chloe yelling my name, first in confusion, then in pain and anger. There were sounds of her hitting and kicking Nathan. But it was getting hard to follow the events around me. There was just one more thing I had to do.

"Chloe. Chloe! Chloe!"

It took several times until she heard me. She half-rushed, half-fell towards me, first grabbing my hand, then hopelessly trying to stop the flow of blood.

"My journal! Hide it! Save! Kate!" It was getting hard to speak, but I had to do this. Losing me right before finding out Rachel's fate would be even more devastating for Chloe than losing her would have been to me. So I had to explain things to her, but there was no time.

And even with Nathan arrested, the vindication might not come fast enough to stop Kate from jumping, so somebody would have to talk to her. And that somebody would have to be Chloe.

I would have preferred to explain everything to her myself, but there was no time. Ironical, isn't it: Super Max, the Mistress of Time, finally ran out of time herself.

Chloe was still saying something, but the world was turning white. And it wasn't the white of me returning from a photo.

End
file.